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IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4, 1893.—[Special Courier Correspondence.]—Tom Reed has begun his candidacy for the republican nomination for the presidency. The man he cherishes as his rival is McKinley, of Ohio. He has no fear, nothing but contempt for Harrison, whom he personally and politically despises. But his little, lynx eyes are never off McKinley, and his smooth, round, bald head is forever ruminating McKinley. And when you come upon him and his seal-fat face has an abstracted look, as of inward contemplation, he's thinking of McKinley right then and considering 'how to go to the political windward of him.

The other day some private conference was held with Reed by Ohio republicans as to Reed's coming upon the Ohio stump to aid McKinley in his hunt for the governorship. Reed said no; he couldn't get away. There were the tariff and the party in the house, and a thousand and one things, republican and national, to take up all his time. Then he was kind enough to point out that McKinley was sure to win and didn't really need him.

Reed expects McKinley to win sure enough, but he does not want any high or pinnacled majority in it; no advertisement of strength to catch the next convention. Nor is he (Reed) going to pour any present water on the McKinley wheel. The latter's overthrow in Ohio would not leave Reed so wrought, nervous and sleepless as to make opiates a necessity.

There is a certain young swell in Washington society who wishes he had not made such public display of pride in his father's military position, since he, in common with the rest of the gay world, now knows that the officer's name ranked more prominently in the card rooms of the various posts where he had been stationed than it ever has done on the army register. It happened in this wise: The young man, being in an especially boastful mood, turned to a young foreigner in the company of gilded youths, saying: "You should know my father."

"I do know your father," was the startling reply; it cost me just \$1,800 to know him. He taught me poker."

I wonder if there can be anything in the climatic conditions of Washington that necessitates that unlimited absorption of spirituous beverages by the fair sex of the capital which is admitted to be a notable feature of the city. Certain it is, whatever the cause, that at many of the hotels of the West End it is an everyday occurrence to see, in the public dining-rooms, ladies imbibing what appears to be a most unnecessary quantity of beer and champagne at both lunch and dinner. At the latter repast, in fact, these lighter beverages are supplemented by a regular course of cocktails, wines and liqueurs, which, however, be it said to the credit, or discredit, of the fair imbibers does not seem to leave them an iota less mistresses of themselves than they were at the beginning of the attack. This latter feature leads the observer to suppose that a considerable amount of private seasoning must be indulged in to enable the public test to be gone through so triumphantly. I am assured, indeed, on good authority that such is the case, and that the tipping witnessed within the privacy of the ladies' own apartments is quite on a par with the more open bibbling of the public dining rooms.

London *Truth* printed recently and prominently a very interesting, if true, story about a gorgeous, jeweled medal sent by the Sultan of Turkey to President Cleveland as a souvenir in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. *Truth* describes the medal as superbly engraved and set with splendid diamonds, and values it at £2,000. This medal, interesting in its source as in itself, was to be "preserved as a state heirloom at the White house, as President Cleveland cannot accept it as his own private property."

But something has gone wrong with either the medal or *Truth*, for the president doesn't know anything about the medal, the president's secretary, assured a reporter that there is no truth in the story. But, again Mr. Labouchere, the editor and proprietor of *Truth*, is usually very careful about what he prints in his noted paper, and his facilities for learning of odd and inner happenings of the world

over are exceptional. It may be that the sultan really has had such a gift prepared, and the news about it came direct to *Truth* from Constantinople before the medal started. We might reasonably have early knowledge of any preparation of a like gift here for presentation to a foreign potentate.

But President Cleveland knows nothing of the medal, and if *Truth* knows anything more the information would be interesting. It should at all events tell how it knows what it knows.

Anent the Van Alen rumpus, a Philadelphia newspaper a few days ago published an interview with Mr. Horace White, of the *Evening Post*, of New York city, in reference to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's movement to repay J. J. Van Alen the \$50,000 he contributed to the democratic campaign fund.

A reporter called on Mr. White, and he said that the interview was correct.

Mr. White said in the published interview: "I talked with Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, of the *Century*, soon after the inauguration of President Cleveland last March, and we decided to see if the amount of Mr. Van Alen's contribution to the campaign fund could not be raised among the friends of the president and repaid.

"We agreed that it would embarrass the president if he appointed Mr. Van Alen. Mr. Gilder agreed to give \$1,000 to the proposed fund.

"I agreed to give \$1,000, provided that if the \$50,000 contribution was returned to Mr. Van Alen, he would agree to withdraw from the race.

"Both Mr. Gilder and myself agreed that the appointment of Van Alen would be unwise. Without regard to his fitness, the fact that he had paid \$50,000 for the place was enough to disbar him from that place.

"I visited several men whose names I do not care to mention. I found that the sum of \$50,000 could be raised without publicity, and at once, provided Mr. Van Alen would withdraw his application for the appointment."

Mr. White then declined to explain why the money was not raised. He said Mr. Gilder was the proper man to see about that.

"I have said," continued Mr. White, "that I offered to give \$1,000 to the fund to repay Mr. Van Alen his \$50,000 contribution on condition that he withdraw his application for the appointment.

"I don't believe the appointment of Mr. Van Alen should be confirmed by the senate. You can quote me as saying that he did contribute \$50,000 to the campaign fund.

"Contributions in campaigns are necessary, but contributions made through promises of certain positions of honor should be roundly denounced. Still, it is only fair to a person who has made a contribution upon the promise of a certain office, that he should have the amount of that contribution returned to him."

Mr. White said he had not seen Mr. Gilder for several months.

Talk of Cherokee or Nepal.
The Arctic regions or Bengal;
A razor-back or a cashmere shawl;
Planting onions or playing ball;
Original sin or Tammany Hall;
Anything, everything, great or small—
And this fellow has the unparalleled gall
To allow that he knows something about them all!

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

A great deal of red-neckwear will be worn this fall. Dark red, with a small black figure, should be given preference.

When you buy your fall stiff hat be sure that it has a prominent roll in the brim. If it hasn't, when you wear your overcoat it will have a "dinky" appearance.

There has been a great deal of talk about men tying their own white bows. As not one man in a hundred can do this artistically, it is much better to wear those already tied.

Very swell men in the east are having their cuffs made on their shirts. They are dispensing with cuff-buttons and wearing the old-fashioned pearl sewed-on buttons instead.

If you would wear the proper thing for evening dress your dress coat will have to be very long. The dress coat that you wore last winter makes you look too much like a lackey when seen beside the latest cut.

There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose high and hoar,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the choir.

There can be no health for either mind or body so long as the blood is vitiated. Cleanse the vital current from all impurities by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine recruits the wasted energies, strengthens the nerves, and restores health to the debilitated system.

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FROM CHICAGO

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—[Special Courier Correspondence.]—She was a coy young woman and she looked decidedly pretty in her new summer costume when Guard White discovered her sitting on one of the divans in the art gallery yesterday afternoon. He gave her several of his most killing looks and she responded with the sweetest of smiles, and the heart of the young man in blue beat so hard that the kettledrums in the Turkish village were not to be compared for sound. As he gazed into the young woman's limpid eyes the order of Colonel Rice that all members of the Columbian Guard must desist from flirting was forgotten. As he walked proudly to and fro each turn brought him nearer to the smiling beauty and each time his manly bosom was thrilled by the look she gave him.

This sort of thing went on for several minutes, when she arose, and as she swept into the vestibule, she cast him a sidelong glance which plainly said: "Follow me." The guard did so. By the side of one of the columns stood his charmer, and she extended a dainty hand, which sank out of view in his white glove. After a few minutes' conversation the girl asked for the time, and Guard White gallantly pulled from his vest-pocket the handsome gold watch which he carried.

"Oh, it is half past three," she cried, "and I must let mamma know the time. She sits right in there. Poor, dear thing, she is awfully deaf, and one has to scream to make her hear. Just let me take your watch a moment while I take it in and show it to her, and I will be right back."

It took the guard less than a second to unsnap the chain which held the timepiece and, handing it to the charmer, he watched her run into the gallery. And then he waited for her return. She never came back.

M. Bourget has made a discovery, one that fully justifies the high estimate that has been formed in this country of his wit and discrimination. M. Bourget boldly declares that Chicago is American—distinctly, typically and characteristically American. The Frenchman found this out before he had been in Chicago forty-eight hours, and he does not hesitate to say so. Just what he expected Chicago to be he does not make plain. Whether he thought to find it Egyptian or Finnish or Hungarian or Swatish he leaves quite undetermined; but that he was startled to find it American is evident, from the wealth of interjections and exclamations with which he proclaims his ingenious discovery of the truth.

"The Midway is like a morgue." Such has been the universal verdict within the last two weeks as a consequence of the rather unlooked-for order, compelling the fakirs or drummers for the side-shows along the hitherto merry Mid, to hold their peace. I am really at a loss to account for so silly and useless a mandate on the part of the authorities. At the eleventh hour of the fair it seems to me that a feature that had grown to be looked upon as one of the indispensable adjuncts of life in the Midway might have been tolerated until the crowds went home. The bawling of the fakirs at least kept things up to concert pitch; it lent excitement to a tout ensemble never at any time too lively, and now that the mandate of the authorities has silenced the loud-mouthed gentlemen who in times past have kept things humming, so to speak, with their vociferous, and sometimes, it must be confessed, discordant cries, there is nothing to do but accept the inevitable and traverse the hitherto merry Midway in a sort of trance, wondering what earthly object the director general and his associates hoped to attain by abolishing a feature that amused and entertained infinitely more people than it wearied or shocked.

In some respects the silence that the Midway fakirs are, by the recent orders, forced to maintain, is considerably more suggestive than any of the speeches they have heretofore felt called upon to utter. My friend, the fakir for the Persian theatre, for instance, is apparently in his element. The four or five Columbian guards who stand perpetually in front of his rostrum awaiting an opportunity to arrest him, are subjected to continuous disappointment; inasmuch as he never permits a single spoken word to escape him. His gesticulations, however, are much more eloquent than any spoken words could be. He stands upon

a chair in front of the theatre, and, by a series of indescribable facial and bodily gymnastics, contrives to so impress upon his audience the exquisitely innate wickedness of the show to be seen within, that the people flock inside in swarms, and well, the fakir's purpose is quite achieved. If the interest appears to flag, the artist on the chair himself performs on his elevated rostrum, a step or two of the danse du ventre, which always serves to send his audience into fits of delight and brings, in consequence, an avalanche of dollars into the box office; or, if all else fails, a fat Persian boy, with red cheeks and an inordinately protuberant abdomen, comes at a sign from his chief and elevates a sign in black letters on a white ground, reading:

YES! THIS IS IT!

THIS IS THE PLACE YOU READ

SO MUCH ABOUT!

The Naughty Dancing Girls Are

Right Upstairs!

YOU MUSTN'T MISS THEM!

25 CENTS.

25 CENTS.

I think on the whole that they had better have let the fakirs talk themselves black in the face before they turned the Midway into "a morgue."

Philip D. Armour is a short-set, broad-built, prosperous-looking man, with a ruddy, open face and dark side whiskers. He is severely self-made. Six and forty years ago he drove a mule team across the plains of California and invested with little capital he had in the grain business in Milwaukee. Then he bought an interest in a pork-packing establishment and today his fortune is estimated at something like \$50,000,000. He now, perhaps, is the most conspicuous of all Chicago's multi-millionaires and is as modest as the proverbial schoolboy ever was and is one of the plainest and most quiet-going of men both as to manner and mode of life.

Of late ill health has obliged him to restrict his diet to bread and milk. This would be a sad affliction to some rich men, but Mr. Armour has never cultivated his palate to an appreciation of ortolans and truffles and he likes a baked apple for breakfast as much as Beecher or Jay Gould used to. His recent gift of \$1,500,000 to the university of Chicago brought him into prominence as a practical philanthropist. "He is the hardest man to go against in a grain or provision deal that I know of," said a friend of his recently, "but in an emergency where 'money talks' he will cough up a cool million as indifferently as another man would order a chop in a restaurant." Withal he is at his desk daily, summer and winter alike, before the clock strikes 7 and he habitually wears a red rose in his button-hole.

I dreamed I saw of bicyclists
Ten thousand in a troop,
And every mother's son of them
Had on the monkey stoop.

There's a generous kind of a man—
We meet with him every day;
He never sits down to talk
That he don't give himself away.

Good and Bad English.

Editor of THE SATURDAY MORNING COURIER:—The list of "words and phrases that should be avoided" in your issue of September 30, is with some exceptions, safe to follow. But a few expressions have been classed as incorrect, that are far from it.

"Had rather" and "had better" are as good English as one can write. The Columbus that discovered these errors was a poor scavenger in the waters of "bad English." In such expressions, had is followed by an infinitive without the word *to*.

"Posted for informed" is supported by the leading authorities, Stormouth, Webster and the great Century dictionary. "Posted" is well set and will hold its place undisturbed by shallow criticism.

"Above for foregoing" is standard English. "Fix for arrange or prepare" is given honorable position by the authorities named. Fix is one of our vigorous words always ready to lend a hand; it never gets dusty or rusty.

"Depot for station." Depot has won a place, and in this country it takes the lead of "station."

"Healthy, for wholesome." It would have been better to have said "healthy for healthful," though *healthy* used in the sense of wholesome is supported by good usage.

"Funny for odd or unusual" calls to mind the observation made by Dr. Drummond, the celebrated Scotch lecturer, now in this country, who remarked that he was an ardent admirer of the American people, but regretted that their vocabulary of adjectives was so meager.

HENRY S. JONES.

Elegant wraps

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POLITICAL TALK

THE COURIER is disposed to be considerate. It dislikes very much to say anything that might hurt anybody's feelings. And now when circumstances seem to make it necessary that this paper should give cursory consideration to that irrepressible statesman of the Fourth ward, Captain Phelps Paine, the utmost care will be taken not to say anything to which that gentleman or his friends might take exception. There was a meeting of the republican county central committee at the Capital hotel Monday afternoon, and Sam E. Low, the committeeman from the Fourth ward being absent, and Paine, the man who carries the idea in his head that he carries the Fourth ward around in his pocket, being in convenient proximity, was invited, through the courtesy of the committee, to act for Mr. Low. Now Paine's conduct throughout the meeting, in a presence to which he was only admitted by courtesy, was such as to warrant THE COURIER or any other conservator of the public peace in making some harsh remarks, remarks that might give the gentleman a pain; but this THE COURIER will not do. In the kindest manner possible we would merely suggest to the captain the advisability of his climbing a very tall tree and getting permanently off the earth where he is at present the source and cause of much unnecessary trouble. Captain Paine and his mouth, which unfortunately, he does not carry in his pocket as he imagines he does the Fourth ward, not only make people tired, but disturb the public peace. His more or less unintelligible remarks at the county central committee meeting about "gag rule," etc., seriously interrupted the business of the meeting, and his conduct did not reflect credit upon the Fourth ward, a ward that prides itself upon its blue stockinged culture. There is really no excuse for Paine and his offenses are sometimes glaringly flagrant; but if he will climb that tree and stay there THE COURIER, speaking for the public, assures the captain that all will be forgiven. In the meantime we would suggest that Colonel Low attend all meetings of the county central committee in person hereafter.

Some time ago, in the early summer, the Young Men's Republican club gave a banquet, and at a time when there was no political excitement, the club succeeded in arousing the most intense interest.

The club, which, by the way, is becoming one of the most noted political organizations in the state, has made another move. It proposes to open the campaign in this county, and it will do it next week in a manner quite in keeping with its reputation.

At a meeting held Tuesday night it was decided to give another banquet Thursday, October 12, and the following committee on arrangements was appointed: George J. Woods, chairman; W. F. Kelley, W. Morton Smith, Sol Oppenheimer and Charles L. Burr.

The committee has decided to give the banquet at the Windsor hotel, and the following will make five minute speeches on that occasion: M. M. Cobb, candidate for treasurer; Alva Smith, candidate for sheriff; I. W. Lansing, candidate for county judge; J. D. Woods, candidate for county clerk; John Harrop, candidate for register of deeds, Charles L. Miller, candidate for county commissioner, E. E. Spencer, L. P. Gould and L. A. McCandless, candidates for justice of the peace.

Other five minute addresses will be delivered as follows:

H. W. Bushnell, "The Outlook of the Republican Party."

Sam E. Lowe, "The Ideal Politician."

W. F. Collins, "The Young Men's Republican Club."

Jacob Oppenheimer, "The Duty of Republicans in this Campaign."

Paul Clark, George J. Woods, "Tribulations of a Councilman."

W. F. Kelley will be toastmaster.

The banquet will partake of the feature of a jubilee over the success of the young men in the late convention, and it will be a ratification meeting for the whole ticket.

A couple of weeks later the club proposes to hold a public mass meeting.

The Young Men's Republican club will do its full duty in this campaign.

The republican state convention was the most harmonious ever held in the state. It was in striking contrast to the gathering of democrats the day before. Republicans generally are pleased with the result.

W. A. Coffin & Co., grocers, old not Eleventh street.

HARD TIMES IN LINCOLN.

Low Prices the Consequence—What one Firm is Doing in the Way of Prices.

Hard times bring some compensation. Money goes a good deal farther now than it ever did before, prices have touched bottom, and the person who has cash can secure genuine bargains. One of the first firms to meet the demand of the times in the way of low prices is H. E. Krug & Co., 1100 O street, this firm has offered its immense stock of drygoods embracing all the newest things at way down prices, and the public has appreciated the opportunity. Krug's



have done a phenomenally large business, considering the times. The prices and the goods have done the business, all of next week there will be a grand sale of dress goods and cloaks. You can obtain the very latest novelties in cloaks, coats, capes, etc., and the newest things in dress goods, at cost price, and the goods are such that you will buy when you see them. Everybody in Lincoln should attend Krug's great sale next week. You can make a lot of money by buying at Krug's.

A Vacancy.

There's a window in the cellar an' it's got a hungry look,
There's a moon bin just beneath it—oh, it's such an empty nook—
There's a gravel drive just passin', but the wagons never stop—
Oh, I wonder why the prices at the coal yards never drop!

Now there's wheat at half a dollar, and there's oats at twenty-three,
An' the senators all holler that a golden day there'll be,
But if they would win the favor of the man that's in the hole,
Let them strike without a quaver at the head of Old King Cole!

"I wish," said Ruth, "that baby sis had found some other mother;
What pa and I both wanted was
A little baby brother."

What do You Take.

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

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For all social doings the Nebraska state band or orchestra is what is always most desired.

All orders via telephone 388 will reach W. A. Coffin & Co. and receive prompt and careful attention.

The Arabian sits on a rug,
A beautiful scene I declare,
For when he comes home late at night
He can't tumble over a chair.

For rates and open dates of month, Nebraska state band or orchestra the COURIER office, 1134 O St., manager, phone 253, June 10; after Ark or Oakland,

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Halter's market, opposite
ter. Phone 100.

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Call at Lakewood, P. A. Santa Fe Route
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ticket. Millions of acres in the
cultural country under the sun, waiting
to be reclaimed by the plowshare.
is almost the last chance to obtain one of
the Sam's free farms.

THREE-MINUTE TALKS

ABOUT

NEW MEXICO.

mines and towns of New Mexico. The profits of fruit raising are set forth in detail; also facts relative to sheep, cattle and general farming. No other country possesses such a desirable climate all the year around. Write to E. L. Palmer, P. A. Santa Fe Route, Omaha, Neb., for free copy.